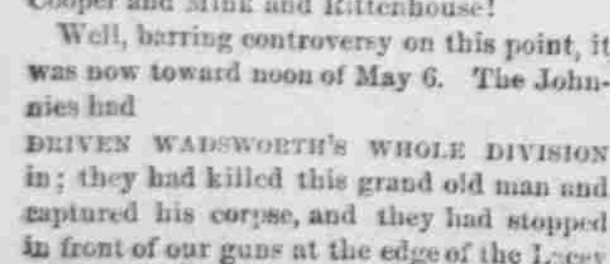


IX-NO. 21-WHOLE NO. 437

WASHINGTON, D. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1889.

XII.



Night was now coming. In our front all was quiet except the rattling picket-photos. To the left things were cooling off, though there were occasional crashes of heavy musketry down there as late as 9 o'clock. But just at dusk a fearful uproar set in on our right just north of the pike. This was not far from our position. The brush here lined the pike and the ground was such that we could not see clearing beyond which, I believe, was part of the Spottswold farm. But it was now dusk and the smoke of the firing was so thick that there would light up the sky like "haze lightening" in a summer night, and we could distinctly hear the yells of the troops. As the night came on, the firing on the Germania road, was being driven in, and we momentarily expected an attack along the pike, which would have been a disaster.

To meet this probable attack, sections of Hitenhouse, ours and the volunteer batteries—Cooper, I think—were ordered into

and the nature of the ground; and though he fought with a small force, he was considerably superior to his opponent. The peculiarity of the situation—broken country and thick brush, where every wood round about was well known to them and where the men were largely inexperienced at strategy. We lost more men than they did; but their losses were larger than ours, reckoned in numbers engaged.

And we could not have been sure that they could not replace their dead and disabled men. Hence, I assert that the battle of the Wilderness was not so much a defeat for the rebels as it was for the Union.

SPOTTSMYLVANIA.

We staid at the Lacey House all day the 7th of May, and at night moved down by the Brock road to a place where the road forks, near the intersection of the road with the railroad. Early in the morning of the 8th, we halted awhile and got our breakfast.

Gen. Warren, Gen. Walworth, and some of the very conspicuous officers of the regiment—reconsidered further down the road—discovered that the enemy was busily intruch-

Now brought forward, and was timbered up on our right, and the right of the east road, close to the edge of the woods, and near the crest of the high ground. The ground came up on our right, but as the ground was not high, and there were no trees there, but went further over near the south fork of the road, and formed, with one of the New York batteries—Mine's, I believe—on the other side of the road, a strong position. The British Kittenhouse was wounded here, but whether severely or not I cannot recall. (At all events, I know that I saw him about two weeks after the fall of his battery, in front of Jericho Ford.)

It was now pretty near noon, May 8. All the infantry of the Fifth Corps was in position, and the Artillery was in position, and the Cavalry into the Altogether clearing immediately behind us. The battle of this day is called by some "Laurel Hill," by others "Alops's Field," etc.; but I have never heard of it being called by either name because it was really part of the great battle of Spotsylvania County.

At this point I will explain that as we were not in the line where the fighting was, no springs or brooks, we were distressed for water.

TAD NEGOTIATES FOR TARTAR.

knooned me down by the concussion, besides shaking up the men on the left gun of the company. I was not hurt, but I was thrown down.

It exploded close to the ground, right in the interval between the two guns of the section, about 20 feet forward of the muzzle, the most dangerous place for the men to be. It exploded. They exploded a shell in the right manner, almost on the ground, and in a manner exceedingly similar to this one, but, strange to say, it did not do any serious damage.

This was the first time I had been under a heavy and well-stationed cannonade. My previous experience had been chiefly with charging lines of the enemy's infantry, as at the Battle of Ballinacorney, and I had never been thrown in for variety; while, as before related, we took no part worth mentioning in the great artillery fight of the third day of Gettysburg. I was, however, at Spotsylvania, and I saw a "singing match" between batteries, with the advantage of position and lay of the ground largely in favor of the enemy. He served his

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